

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 408. — VOL. VIII.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

## A PICTURE-GALLERY.

HAS it never struck you that you possess a private Picture-gallery, whose door will open to you alone? At any time, but most in times of solitude, you can unlock this door and tread with solemn pace into the sacredness of its seclusion. It is almost like treading the hushed aisles of some vast cathedral—more impressive in its emptiness than when it is thronged with worshippers. Every one of us has such a gallery. When we are young, the pictures are new, and perhaps lack their finishing touches; there are also many empty spaces. The light, also, is too bright to allow the true effect, so that we see little of the pictures, our eyes being filled with sunshine. But as time wears on, the empty places become filled up and the light changes. It becomes vividly bright in parts; but it begins to cast shadows. The room available for other pictures becomes less and less, and only those with exceptional claims can be admitted. Those already on the walls become reverend and almost sacred. Aureoles play around some of the heads. Sometimes—when there is something wrong with us, something coming between our souls and the light—we are afraid to enter at the door. If we do, we must take the shoes from off our feet, for the place is holy ground.

Heavy curtains hang before some of the pictures, curtains which are seldom drawn. Before others, perhaps, tapers are burning, as before an altar. No stranger may be admitted into this sanctuary; and if the owner wishes that others should know his pictures, he can but take poor copies and bring them forth for public gaze. The copies are never like the originals. Some of our galleries contain pictures which we long to show to others, but we dare not—pictures which are terrible to us as we stand and gaze at them alone, but whose horror might be greatly lessened could we hold a friend's hand the while.

One or two of the pictures in my gallery are so old that I cannot possibly ascertain the date. I

do not think they can be older than the period of my own existence in this life, but even that is not quite certain. Only a few indistinct and wavering lines are visible amid absolute darkness. We came from God 'trailing clouds of glory'; perhaps some of these pictures came with us then. That is merely a conjecture, a pleasing sentiment. But there are others almost equally indistinct, whose dimness may be accounted for naturally. Dust and cobwebs mantle around them, not to be displaced by any effort of ours. Perhaps the time will come when these pictures shall be given into the hands of the great Restorer, and all stain shall be removed from them. How will they look then, when brought forth to the light? Ah, we shall not want the pictures then, for we shall have the originals.

What picture is this before which I am now standing? There is a dimly-lighted room, and a little child lying in his white bed. By that bed sits a figure; it is too dusk to see her face, but she is singing the child to sleep. The child's face is more visible, and on it is a look of sickness and pain. Hush! I can hear the very tones of her voice. Let us turn aside from this; it is too sacred, too touching.

The next picture before which I stop is one that it is easier to speak of. It is the face of a little girl, perhaps twelve years old, with rosy cheeks and bright eyes. Possibly you may not call her beautiful; but all the fresh prettiness of childhood is there; and in somebody's eyes she was once all that is beautiful. How easy to build a romance on that laughing girlish face!—the child-playmate, the betrothal, the wedding. Does the romance continue after the marriage? It ought to do so, and should include the faithful wife, the loving mother. Alas! in this case no such romance can possibly exist. There is the picture of the bright-eyed child, and nothing beyond. Perhaps if the portrait were taken now, she might have become stout and commonplace; but I would rather not think of that. The little girl-playmate is a 'joy for ever,' not to be lightly surrendered. What have such things to do with

time and space? They partake of eternity. I feel sure that, somewhere and somehow, I shall play once more with my little companion, and both be children again. This is another foolish sentiment, for the world to laugh at; but there are some who will not laugh. They know too well that they have similar pictures of their own, treasured in secret, and similar fancies.

Then there is the old house in which I played with this little girl—not her home, but the home of two old friends. We played Hide-and-seek among the dark cupboards and passages, making more noise in a few hours than our worthy friends did all the year round. One cupboard was said to be haunted, and we peered into its shadow with fear and trembling. It is true that we sometimes saw two living sparks glowing in the darkest corner; but that was only the cat. Sometimes our good old friend would read to us; but we, laughing children that we were, enjoyed the byplay of our own mirth more than the most classical narrative. We would listen at whiles, and then break into half-smothered merriment. I fear we sometimes professed to be hugely amused with what the old man was reading, when all the time it was our own childish fun that tickled us. Innocent deception! The old man smiled benignly, and proceeded with his reading.

In the summer-time we gambolled in the large old garden, with its fruit-trees and vegetable beds, its mossy paths, and the old roller that I loved to drag along. How pleasant it was to play Hide-and-seek among the raspberry canes, taking advantage of the fruitful neighbourhood meanwhile! Fruit seems to have lost its flavour since those days; or is our taste spoiled by fruit from the forbidden tree?

But there came troublous times to these good old friends—troubles which we children could little understand, and still less help. I remember standing in the garden one autumn afternoon, and watching the public auctioneer, with red face and loud voice, as he made short work of my friends' few effects. Strangers were pressing rudely up the steps and in the rooms that had been made beautiful by our happiness. My boyish indignation availed little to check this shameful sacrilege, nor were the tears of the good woman herself more effective. All this is past now; my old friends are gone, and the little girl-playmate is I know not where. Alien footsteps resound in the passages where we sported together; and as I pass the windows, I look in vain for the 'old familiar faces.' But it all lives still on the walls of my portrait-gallery. Would that there were no darker picture!

I have portraits of other companions—some now dead, some far away, some estranged. Some have chosen a good part; some have fallen on evil days. There is a picture of a boy with whom I often played in these days of sunlight. He had a genius for getting into trouble, and would manage to soil his clothes upon the finest of summer days. But in spite of all this, and in spite of parental chastenings, a perennial fountain of enjoyment welled up within his heart. He could extract mirth from the most dismal surroundings. I knew this mirth fail him on one occasion, however. We had been trespassing on some rich meadows in search of flowers, and the farmer

caught us. He did not lay hands on us, but merely ordered us to walk off to the gate, himself following behind. My comrade at once concluded that he meant to kidnap us, and cried lustily. I had to play the part of comforter, although the vague idea of being kidnapped was very dreadful even to me. But he plucked up heart and began to be brave when he saw that the farmer had no such designs. It has since struck me as a most ludicrous fancy that any one should covet the possession of troublesome boys like ourselves.

One of our exploits, I remember, was decidedly picturesque and fanciful. There was a stream near our home which in one part flowed under a long low tunnel where the railway passed above. We managed to procure a piece of candle, and this we placed on a small bit of board. Lighting the candle, we then entrusted it to the current of the stream at the mouth of the tunnel. We then ran round speedily to the other side, trespassing on the rails in order to do so more quickly; though we need not have made such haste, for the current of the stream was slow. With breathless anxiety we waited for the appearance of our light. Would it safely pass the perils of the way? It might overset and disappear; drops of moisture from the roof might extinguish it; sticks or stones might impede its course in mid-stream. Our fears were natural; but happily good fortune attended the little argosy, and its small star appeared at last in the darkness, hailed with loud shouts and acclamations of joy. What a surprise it must have given to the water-rats!

One is inclined to grow garrulous when speaking on such subjects, forgetting that what is of so great importance to ourselves may not interest others in the least. It is always better to say too little than too much, especially in confidences such as these. Trifles sometimes slip out which calmer moments might wish to have preserved. I withdraw from my portrait-gallery, and quietly close the door.

## A SOLDIER AND A GENTLEMAN.\*

### CHAPTER V.—BEFORE THE ACTION.

FERRERS as he walked away felt angry and humiliated. He was not usually a vainly longing person. He had been well content to serve in his humble rank as a soldier, and to have Lord Debrett for a friend without wishing to be taken as Lord Debrett's equal. He would have been satisfied to go on like that; but to be set up as a gentleman by one hand and taken down by another was 'not good enough,' as he said to himself. To be introduced to a very nice girl—to a young lady, indeed—and then to be rudely pushed away from her, was especially a thing that no right-minded man could endure. He felt very much inclined to 'kick over the traces' (to use his own words), to pull Sir William's nose and call him an insolent jackanapes, and then throw up the whole business. He was as well disciplined and docile a soldier as could be, except where his heart was concerned, and about that he had never been asked to accept dictation or discipline.

So he marched along fuming, marched till his anger had become fainter; and then he

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went to the house in Jermyn Street—next door to Sir William's own lodging—where the baronet had secured him a bedroom.

Next morning, his resentment was gone. He was himself again—the cheerful, alert, and self-reliant soldier. Whilst shaving and dressing he turned over in his mind all his talk with Miss Dawlish, and the conversations relating to himself which he had overheard the evening before—that of Sir William and his sister, and that of the 'Johnnies.' He experienced a certain fierceness of resentment at the thought that personally he must hold aloof from any tender fancies about the charming Dolly. If the 'Johnnies' were to be believed, he was playing the part of a man who some years ago had been cracked in reputation if not in head. And if Sir William and his sister were to be believed, the baronet was playing a very risky game, in which he, Ferrers, was intended to be an ignorant tool, to be thrown aside as soon as done with. Naturally, Ferrers did not quite approve of that. He owed Sir William neither love nor—so far as he could see—gratitude; and he was therefore determined to find out the secret of his game, and have, if possible, the 'pull' of Sir William, when that grinning gentleman should show a desire to cast him off.

'What,' he asked himself, 'does he really want with me?' He arrested the razor on his cheek to consider a suspicion that rose before him. 'I believe,' he declared to himself, 'the real W. D. is dead, and he wants to work me off as his son, to get somehow at that money his banker-brother left!'

The more he examined that suspicion, the more he got convinced of its truth, and—as is the way of men—resolved to find evidence in support of it; so he made up his mind to wait, and watch, and see, to be no party to doing wrong to any one—if he should discover that was being attempted—and at the same time, as became an old campaigner, not to suffer grievous damage himself.

He went to breakfast with Sir William, and the baronet was fairly affable, but quite close about his business.

'Here,' said he, with a grin, 'is another invitation for you—from Drumly—for to-morrow afternoon—a conversazione or some nonsense of that sort. You'd better go; you'll get on all right, as you did last night. The only thing I have to ask of you is not to hold conversation with Miss Dawlish—if she's there.'

'Very well,' said Ferrers.

Ferrers went to the conversazione. What it was about, he neither knew nor cared; but he saw strange glass cases in the drawing-room, containing specimens or representations of grains, pulse, and fruits, and he saw a little book called *How to live on Sixpence a Day*, and he thought, 'I know; I've done it; but I'd rather not.' Dolly was there, but so was Aunt Dawlish. He thought Dolly regarded him wistfully from afar off, and he worked slowly round the room to be near her. He passed close to her and glanced at her.

'How d'ye do, cousin?' she said. But she did not move; she scarcely looked as if she had spoken.

'I am told,' said he, much in the same manner,

'that I must not hold conversation with you. Why?—I don't know.'

'Isn't it absurd?' said she, still without turning. 'Aunt Dawlish has told me I mustn't talk to you. What for? I wonder. Have you offended her? She used to be always praising you to me.'

'Aunt Dawlish,' said Ferrers aside, 'is an old catamaran!'

'Yes,' said Dolly, angrily turning her eyes, but nought else. 'Isn't she an old frump? Old maids are always like that, I suppose. I hate them!'

'Good-bye,' said Ferrers.

'Good-bye, cousin,' said Dolly rather plaintively.

Aunt Dawlish had always been praising him until now—praising, that is, the other, the mysterious, the unknown, the 'cracked' in reputation or in head—the probably dead—Will Dawlish! That was another fact to be taken note of and pondered.

While he turned over and pondered these things, and paced solemnly about the room, he remarked the black-muzzled Irish-American, whom he had soused in the fountain, and whom he had seen at Mr Drew's, the evening before. He moved about as if burdened with the cares of office. It was clear, then, that he was in the service of either Drew or Drumly, or that he served the two masters, either of which conclusions was disconcerting; for it seemed likely that he would encounter the man frequently. Indeed, he was presently both disconcerted and surprised to see the man approach him and to hear him say: 'Mr Dawlish?'—with a look, Ferrers thought, of suspicion and incredulity.

'Yes,' said Ferrers.

'Mr Drumly,' said the man, 'has sent me to find you. He wants to speak to you.'

'What now?' thought Ferrers, as he worked his way after the man.

'Ah, here you are,' said Drumly when they met at the end of the room. 'I'm very glad to see you.'

Drumly grasped Ferrers' hand with such cordiality, and looked up at him with so simple an admiration, that the young man was touched with shame to think he was doing anything to deceive so frank and kindly a soul.

'Let us have a turn round,' said Drumly, taking Ferrers' arm: 'I can't move about much by myself.'

Ferrers had not seen Drumly on his feet before; and on looking down now, he perceived that one leg was shorter than the other, and that it ended in a stilted boot, with a sole six inches thick. Then the strong young man understood the pathos of the old man's admiration of Health, and he experienced an impulse of passionate desire to aid him with his health and strength; though—it at once occurred to him—it was absurd of a plain penniless soldier to think of being anything to a wealthy banker. He could at least, he thought, be honest and frank with the old man, and he came very near at that moment to saying: 'I understand you; I understand your admiration of me; but I don't deserve it! I am not the person you think I am! I am a fraud—an impostor!' Yet, he reflected,

why should he make a fuss? He had up till now done no harm to the old man, and he hoped he would do none; and to blurt out a confession could only mean disgrace and ruin to himself. These impulses and hesitations passed over him without leaving a shade on his face, which steadily beamed down on the old man with a tender and protective regard.

'I want to have a look at the cases with you,' said Drumlly, smiling up at him; while Ferrers wondered that so ugly a gorilla face could look so pleasant. 'I call this a Health Conversazione, you know. That's why I asked you; you ought to be set up on a pedestal as the full expression of the whole thing.'

'And are these things,' asked Ferrers, beginning to look at the contents of the cases, 'supposed to be the food I've been brought up on?'

'Not exactly—not exactly,' said Drumlly; 'or, at least, not directly. You've been fed on beef and bread and such-like, and bread is from wheat, and beef is grass wonderfully worked up.'

'And turnips and hay and chopped straw—oh yes,' said Ferrers.

'You know something of farming, then?' said Drumlly, looking at him with fresh interest.

'A good deal,' said Ferrers, forgetting for the moment his rôle of Will Dawlish. 'I could take over the management of a farm to-morrow and work it, I think, at a profit.'

'Bless me!' exclaimed Drumlly, stopping to look at him. 'You're quite accomplished! But how on earth did you learn farming to that extent?'

'Oh, I picked it up here and there.'

'Well, really,' said Drumlly, 'if you're so good at it, you'd better get Sir William to let you manage the estate, now that you've come home: it needs you, I believe.'

That was all the allusion he made to family matters; but they continued to talk of grain and pulse (Drumlly was anxious to know if Egyptian lentils could be grown in England); and the more they talked the more they were manifestly drawn to each other by the warmth of a mutual regard.

Dolly and Ferrers did not meet again that day; but they met the next and the next. Ferrers, however, could make no approach to Dolly, for Sir William's or Miss Dawlish's watchful eye was ever on him. Why did Sir William think it of so much consequence that he should not speak to her?

Of course, those who have known much of the ways of young men and young women will at once perceive that of all methods that was about the best to make these two young people wish to be near each other. Ferrers, who could not be blind to the fact that Dolly approved of him, was chafing to be near her; and Dolly's wistful glances and melancholy face told plainly that she was longing to have her cousin by her side. Ferrers never troubled to consider whether honour or anything of that sort forbade him to think of Dolly: what man when really involved has ever taken such matters into his consideration?

Now, if it had been a case in which he was merely a spectator, Sir William would have seen what was likely to occur as quickly as any one;

but since it was a case in which he was prejudiced and wrapped up, he did not see it; and therefore it happened that things fell out as they did.

The day soon came of which Dolly had forewarned Ferrers, when all the people concerned in this mysterious business were to assemble at Dawlish Place, Sir William's 'seat' in Surrey.

'Ferrers,' said Sir William one morning, 'it is just about the end of the season; perhaps you don't know that?'

'Oh yes,' said Ferrers; 'I know that.'

'Very well. Before people have the excuse that they are off to-morrow or the day after to the Continent or to Scotland, I'm going to have a little party down for a week to Dawlish Place. I'm asking Drew and Drumlly down, and you must come. I tell you now in confidence that the business I engaged you for is coming to a head. You've done very well so far. We've skirmished up till now,' said he with a grin. 'Now, we're going to carry the enemy's position by assault.'

'The enemy, I suppose,' said Ferrers, 'being Mr Drew and Mr Drumlly?'

'The enemy—on the whole—being Drew and Drumlly.'

'Very well,' said Ferrers. 'I'm ready to march. When do we go, may I ask?'

'This afternoon; by the 4.30 from Waterloo.'

Ferrers rather 'funked'—I use the word he would have used himself—the visit to Dawlish Place. It was one thing to see 'swell' people for an hour or two now and then; it was quite another to spend a week constantly in their company. He doubted if he could fulfil the requirements of his position. After breakfast he went to seek Lord Debrett, to get from him comfort and advice.

'Ah, Dawlish,' said he, 'how are you getting on?'

'Oh, all right,' said Ferrers. When the man who had shown him in had withdrawn, he continued: 'It makes me jump to hear myself called by that name.'

'I couldn't help it before my man,' said Debrett.

'I wish I were well out of this business,' said Ferrers.

'Hallo! What's up?'

'I don't like Sir William, and I like Mr Drumlly; and if there's any harm meant against Drumlly, I'll have to go against Sir William, though I'm in his pay.'

'But why,' asked Debrett, 'do you think he means harm to old Drumlly? I expect Dawlish wants to get at his late brother's property—for Miss Dawlish, very likely: you remember he said it was all for the sake of a lady. Perhaps she is being kept out of her rights.'

'Drumlly's not the man,' said Ferrers, 'to keep anybody out of his rights. The fact is I don't trust Sir William. I'm in a funk about the whole business.'

'That's bad. It's not like you to funk anything.'

'I'm always in a funk before an action.'

'Is there an action coming, then?'

'Don't you know? Drew, Drumlly, and lots of other people, I suppose, are going down to Dawlish Place to-day; and I'm going, and Sir

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William says that will bring his business to a head.

'The deuce it will !'

'You're going down, I suppose?' asked Ferrers.

'Well, I've been asked,' said Debrett; 'but I thought I wouldn't bother.'

'Oh, don't say that !' exclaimed Ferrers. 'I've been depending on you to back me up. It may be my last action, Debrett, and I hope you'll stand by me.'

'All right, old chap,' said Lord Debrett; 'since you put it like that, I will. I'll come down to-morrow.'

'Come down to-day,' urged Ferrers. 'We take the 4.30 from Waterloo.'

'Very well; to-day be it. Though I must break an engagement. I won't promise to take that train; but I'll come down to-night in time for dinner, if possible.'

'Thanks, very much,' said Ferrers. 'There's another thing. Do you think I must buy some special sort of togs to take down with me—shooting togs, for instance?'

'There'll be no shooting,' said Debrett. 'But I'll bring down things with me; and my things always suit you, you know.'

So it came to pass that Ferrers went to Waterloo with Sir William, fortified with the hope of meeting Lord Debrett there; or, if not that, of seeing him appear at Dawlish Place by the following train.

### BRICK TEA.

EVERY reader of books of Eastern travel is familiar with the name of Brick Tea, but few writers have taken the trouble to explain, even in the roughest manner, what is the actual character of the commodity, and still less how it is made. It is, as yet, a peculiarly Chinese manufacture, although if our Indian planters obtain the access into the markets of Tibet for which they are longing, it will have to become a regular product in the gardens of Assam and Cachar, although possibly not in Ceylon, as the consuming markets are in Central Asia.

In a former article we explained the differences in the processes of tea manufacture in China and in India (see 'The Revolution in Tea,' *Journal*, Aug. 10, 1889), and showed how the falling-off in favour of the Chinese tea in Europe is chiefly due to the carelessness with which it is prepared for market. There is more than carelessness, however, in China—there is also fraud in packing, and 'Lie Tea' is a known article of commerce in some parts of China. Now, Lie Tea goes to the making of Brick Tea for the Tibetan, which is the principal market.

The area on which tea is grown for this special purpose is an extensive one in the western provinces, of which Yung-ching may be called the centre; but the plant is a very different one from the carefully cultivated bushes of Eastern China, from which European tea is made. For one thing, the Yung-ching plant is allowed to grow much higher—often to fifteen feet—and it has a large and coarse leaf, two to two and a half inches long. The best Brick Tea is made in gardens where these trees are planted in rows

and kept in fair order; but, according to Mr Colborne Baber, the larger portion of tea for Tibet is supplied from bushes which are allowed to grow pretty much at their own sweet will along the borders of the fields and on the hill-sides—in fact, from half-wild plants. In the fourth year these trees begin to yield, and they continue productive for many years. In June, the pickings begin. There is, first, the young upper leaves, which the Chinese keep for themselves; second, the leaves of young plants; and third, everything that can be stripped from the trees, including twigs and sticks. It is the last picking which is usually turned into 'bricks.'

This is the process of manufacture. The leaves and twigs, after being sun-dried, are put into a cloth and suspended over a boiler to be steamed. Meanwhile, the mould is got ready, consisting of four short boards set up on end and securely fastened, with an internal space of about nine inches by three and a half inches. Within this cavity is placed a woven mat-basket, and into this the softened leaves and twigs are dropped in small handfuls, with a little rice-water to cause the mass to adhere. As layer after layer is added, the stuff is compressed by powerful blows from an iron-shod rammer. Next the coarser twigs are dried and ground to powder, and sprinkled over the other mass, or between the layers, so as to become welded in. The flexible basket round the tea prevents the mass from taking too angular a shape, as sharp corners on the bricks would make them awkward to carry on the long journey they have to perform.

After the mould is filled and sufficiently compressed, it is taken to pieces, and the cake, still within the mat, or basket, is taken again to the fire to be thoroughly dried. Then the ends of the mat are drawn together and closed up, and the *pao*, or cake, is ready for transport to Ta-chien-lu, where it undergoes further preparation. It should be mentioned that the cakes are weighed after being steamed, and are sold on that weight, although they lose about a third after being dried. At Ta-chien-lu they are cut into uniform sizes and repacked as *chuan*, or bricks.

The best kind of Brick Tea, such as is meant for the Russian market, is more carefully prepared. The choice leaves only are taken, and are spread in the sun until slightly withered. They are then rolled in the hand until they become moist with exudation, and pressed into small balls, which are left to ferment. When fermentation begins, they are ready for the moulds, and the process is pretty much as above described, but without the admixture of the twigs.

From Yung-ching and the other places of manufacture, the tea is carried either by porters or on mules to Ta-chien-lu, a distance of from one to two hundred miles, over two mountain passes seven thousand feet high. A man will carry from eight to twelve *paos* on his back all the distance—a weight of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds, sometimes a good deal more, and over terrible heights where every step must be picked. The journey will take a porter about twenty days, and a mule about half the time; but the mule can carry only half as much as the porter.

A brick should weigh sixty Chinese ounces; but even the better quality seldom exceeds fifty-five ounces, while the common quality usually weighs in transport from forty to forty-five ounces. Thus the number of bricks transported hardly affords a fair test of the actual quantity; but it is computed that the annual export of Brick Tea from Western China to Tibet is not less than twelve million English pounds. This seems an enormous quantity; but it is to be remarked that, to the Tibetans, tea is an absolute necessity, not a luxury. They drink it at all hours, and without it grow restless, discontented, and unhappy. It is not cheap, however, as the Lamas keep the retail trade in their own hands. The selling price ranges from about sixpence to two or three shillings per pound, according to the distance from the tea-route; but the Lamas will, it is said, often exact in payment labour and produce from the people, who have no choice of markets.

This is how the Brick Tea is used in Tibet. The teapot is something like a butter-churn, into which a portion of the brick is thrown. After boiling, the infusion is passed through a strainer, and a little salt is added, after which the churn is stirred some twenty times. Then a lump of butter is added, and the churning repeated for some hundred or hundred and fifty turns. The tea is then ready for drinking, but of course has little or no resemblance to the fragrant and cheerful cup sacred to English 'Five o'clocks;' or even to the less fragrant and more astringent beverage with which too many working-women, and men also, injure their nerves and their stomachs. But astringent is what the Tibetan covets, and he would not thank you for a cup of choice Pekoe. The taste of the Tibetan infusion has been humorously likened by Mr Colborne Baber to something like weak English tea with rich milk but without any sugar or tea. The tea-principle is there, affecting the flavour of the butter and water, but not giving the taste of tea.

How highly this trashy compound is prized in the Land of the Lamas, however, may be inferred from the fact that not very long ago, and before rupees became comparatively abundant, tea-bricks were used as currency. Even yet, it is said, in some parts of the country a brick of tea is not merely worth a rupee, but is used as a rupee for purposes of trade and without regard to weight. This practice, however, has not been without its retributive side. The Lamas of Batang had stored up a vast quantity of tea-bricks as reserve treasure, regarding each brick as equal to a rupee. But when the Indian money began to circulate, and the Lamas wanted to convert their tea-money into silver, they found they could only do so at a loss of nearly forty per cent. Hoarding does not always pay, and one does not pity the monks, who had been exacting the uttermost anna out of the people for their indispensable tea.

The Indian rupee, it should be said, began to find its way in quantity into Tibet about five-and-twenty years ago, and is now fairly abundant there. The Russian silver rouble is said to be current also, and the circulation of these coins has done a great deal to break down the Lamas' monopoly of tea.

To come back to Ta-chien-lu, where the bricks pass into Tibetan hands. They are there wrapped in skins and carried in pack-saddles to Batang. These are curious and ingenious contrivances. Two light boards about fourteen inches long, thickly padded with cloth and felt, are connected by two wooden bows, and secured to a wooden crupper. From the bows hang loops of hide in which the packages are suspended, in such a way that if the burden strikes any obstacle in a dangerous pass, the package becomes detached and rolls away without overbalancing the animal. Horses, mules, and yaks are used for conveying the tea to Batang, where is the great depôt and centre of the domestic trade.

To reach Batang from Assam our Indian tea would have to cross the Patkoi Hills to Burma, thence into Yun-nan, and so northward again by Weisee, a distance of seven hundred and fifty miles.

It is said that the cost of carriage alone would be more than the selling price of Chinese tea at Batang; but time, no doubt, would economise transit, and the Tibetans might be educated into paying a better price for better tea, if free-trade relations were only established between India and Tibet. It is certainly a tantalising thing to think that the largest tea-consumers in the world—for the Tibetans are believed to consume from half an ounce to one ounce of tea per head per day—should be so near our Indian tea gardens, and yet, for all trade purposes, as far off as the moon. Darjeeling is, by road, within a very few days' journey from Lhasa; and indeed Calcutta itself is as near, as the crow flies, to the capital of Tibet as Paris is to Berlin. And then one could offer the Tibetans genuine good, wholesome, fragrant tea, made into bricks if they like, but not made out of brushwood and rubbish. Meanwhile, the remarkable fact is that the best tea in the world goes to Russia; and the worst tea in the world is eagerly bought and voraciously consumed in Tibet. The Brick Tea of Asiatic Russia is delicious; the Brick Tea of exclusive Tibet is nauseous trash.

Before leaving the subject, some interesting and little-known varieties of tea encountered by Mr Baber may be mentioned. In the mountainous region of Kiating he discovered two remarkable varieties. The monks of Mount O-mi, or Mount O, use a plant which produces an infusion naturally sweet, and tasting, as brewed, just like coarse Congon with a large addition of brown sugar. This is natural tea-and-sugar. The plant is grown on the mountain-slopes near the monastery, and does not seem to be known elsewhere. The leaf is to all appearance just like that of an ordinary tea-leaf, and probably the saccharine essence may be due to the soil.

The other curiosity is a natural tea-and-milk. This is a wild plant, growing in an elevated region without cultivation, and yielding an infusion which tastes just like tea and milk, without sugar, or perhaps more like tea and butter. This plant is found in an uninhabited region west of Kiating, at an elevation of six thousand feet and upwards, and in leafy shrubs about fifteen feet high. Not merely the leaf but the whole plant is used to make the infusion. Even the

wood when chopped up and boiled along with a few dried leaves yields a strongly-coloured tea, with much the same flavour as the Tibetans produce from their bricks and butter. Botanists may be able to explain these phenomena, and perhaps to classify the plants in some other family than the tea-plant.

## THE TROUBLE AT GREAT BUCEPHALUS.

### CHAPTER III.

THE morning dawned bright and clear; the sun lighted up such a tranquil scene at Great Bucephalus and the vast expanse of green prairie beyond; while the low hills which closed the view were so void and unmarked by any moving object, that it was hardly possible to believe that at any hour an awful danger might arise in such a quarter—that there could be any reason to dread the enactment of hideous scenes of bloodshed. Yet all those who had dwelt long on the frontier could have told how treacherous such calmness had proved ere now, and that, as they had to encounter the subtlety of the craftiest savages and the still worse scheming of renegade whites, delay might mean death.

It was plain that all the members of the newly-arrived party—save the children—had been told of the impending troubles; for the women were depressed and anxious in manner; their eyes were red with weeping; and at the slightest sound they started and cast a frightened look to the door. Under such auspices the early breakfast could hardly be a cheerful meal; for although Boytell and, in a much greater degree, Eltran made a show of hilarity, there was a hollowness in these efforts, which, instead of raising the spirits of the group, actually seemed to lower them; and this becoming more and more evident, the men abandoned their well-meant attempts, and the meal proceeded in almost total silence.

At its conclusion, the cries of teamsters could be heard outside; then Phil Trayle presented himself, and then some wagons and mules drew up before the house. Phil greeted the party in his usual frank way, and added, that if all was ready, they had better take the trip at once, as the mules were fresh, and the day splendid—'right pretty' were the exact words he used—for a ride. He said this with a smile, speaking to the women; but as he ceased and turned his head, he continued to bestow a meaning look on Eltran, which the latter appeared to understand, for he rose from the table and said: 'Now, Mr Boytell! and Polly and Aggy, get yourselves ready, for we start right away.—See that the children do not stray out, as the teamsters will not wait any time, and all our fixings can be on board in a few minutes.'

The women left the rooms at this suggestion, as did Boytell, to see after their 'fixings'; and then Eltran said: 'Is there anything fresh?'

'Yes; too much,' returned Phil. 'Texas Abe, the pedlar, has come in, and he says that he saw horsemen on the plains beyond Wickerman's

ranch, and he is sure they were Indians. We can trust Abe, you know, and he is almost certain to be right, having lived in an Indian country so long.'

'That is a warning indeed,' returned Eltran. 'The sooner all the women and children are at Strapley's, the better.—But how we are to get away from there,' he added gloomily, 'is more than I or any one else can tell at present.'

'We shall be a large party, Squire—that is something,' said Phil; 'as nearly all our people propose to go in the first place to the Mills; and then we shall be guided by what we hear as to whether we shall go up or down the creek.'

Eltran returned a few words agreeing with this view; but his countenance did not gain in cheerfulness; and without further conversation, the men busied themselves in the preparations for the journey.

The loading was soon completed; and from the elevated ground in front of the house, similar preparations for departure could be seen in various parts of the city; it was a 'city' to the very last, and, moreover, there were a host of locations—another characteristic word—on the frontier of even lesser magnitude than Great Bucephalus which were so styled, although not one of the whole had a shadow of a municipality.

Everything that travelled upon wheels appeared to have been put in requisition. Some of the 'outfits' would at another time have been mirth-provoking; but there was no disposition to laugh now on the part of any of the citizens, who, in the midst of their hurried loading, threw many troubled glances to the north-western horizon, the quarter from which danger was most likely to come.

Phil was very attentive to the comfort of the women and children, who were all stowed in one wagon. In the midst of their trouble, Mrs Boytell could not repress a smile to see how especially anxious he was that Miss Agatha should not be inconvenienced.

Several wagons, or groups of wagons, besides their own would leave Great Bucephalus in the course of the morning; but their own expedition was much in advance of the others, so they saw nothing of them. Indeed, even if bound for the same goal, these others might not have followed the exact track taken by the Eltran party—not a wonderful matter where no regular highway existed, and nearly all the open country served for roads. At anyrate, they had no company.

With all their desire to set a good example, and to appear perfectly at their ease, neither Eltran nor Phil could avoid frequent and anxious glances across the prairie. All remained clear and quiet there; but despite the endeavours of the men to conceal their anxiety, their companions took the alarm, and were in dread lest at any moment the hateful figures of the Indian warriors should come in sight.

Presently the party came to a spot where the road—so to call it, it was the usual track to a ford on the way to Strapley's Mills—sank rather abruptly. There were two or three of these descents ere the river level was reached, and some extra care to the teams was needed just there. For the first time in the short journey, the attention of the men was so concentrated on the mules

that they saw nothing ahead or around them. The view in this latter respect was limited by the swelling mounds which arose on either hand, as the track sank lower, when, at the most critical part of the descent, they were surprised by a shout almost close to them, and by a hoarse voice exclaiming: 'Go slow, Squire! You won't need to take all this slope to-day.' As much in alarm as in astonishment, they looked round, and saw two mounted men, each clad in the orthodox buckskin and slouched hat of the frontiersman, and who had either been hidden behind a spur of the banks, or their approach on the soft ground had been unheard.

'Why, it is'—began Eltran, but paused: the foremost of the men finished the speech—'Doby Rube, you mean,' said he; 'and you are right, Squire.—You need not move your pistol forward, Phil Trayle,' continued the speaker, whose quick eye had noted the action; 'there will be no shooting here. Anyhow, it will be bad for you and the ladies if you do fire.'

It was easy to see that Eltran and Trayle were much disturbed by the sudden appearance of this man. This was not to be wondered at; for the latter, at anyrate, and Great Bucephalus opinion in general, regarded 'Doby Rube as the absolutely worst, and certainly the most dreaded, of all the 'scallywags' and outcasts of whom Phil had spoken on the previous night. The new English arrivals did not know his history, and there was no time to tell them now. It would not have cheered them to hear that this man was a notorious ruffian; that he would be hanged by lynch law in any town on the frontier, and that beyond all doubt he was in league with the Indians.

'We must talk fast,' resumed Rube, after a pause. He was evidently the leader of the pair, for his companion did not attempt to speak. 'You are going to Strapley's Mills?'

'We are,' said Phil firmly; he felt that there was no use in trying to evade an answer.

'Well, you will never get there—by this road,' continued Rube; 'and if you want to keep out of trouble, you will not go anigh the Mills.—Go to Prairie Dog Ford, and make your way to Divide City.'

'What for?' exclaimed Trayle, who seemed to be the recognised spokesman of the party. 'Strapley's Mills are stone-built, and can stand a siege; while Divide is little better than a heap of wooden shanties, and is in the heart of the Injun raid.'

'It was,' said the horseman gravely; 'but the city will not be troubled by Injuns again. I can't stay to preach here. Take my advice, or don't take it. You will soon find out the reason why it was given, if you slight it.'

'But then you are'—Phil began, but checked himself, as he was about to say something terribly uncomplimentary.

Rube grinned sardonically, as though he fully understood the reason of this hesitation. 'I am a loafer, and the Vigilantes want me, and I should be all the better for a stringing up, you mean,' he continued. 'That is all true; but a better man than me would not have any influence with the Injuns; and bad as I am, I may yet like to pay back a good turn.—Ask madam there,' he said, suddenly changing his tone, and looking at Mrs Eltran—'ask her if she will believe me;

and if she thinks 'Doby Rube will ever betray the people who gave a home to his little sick girl, when every door was shut against her, and her father was hunted from post to post by the Vigilantes.'

'No, Rube; I am sure you may be trusted!' exclaimed Mrs Eltran, speaking for the first time. 'You may have been a bad man; but I believe you now, and beg my husband to trust you.'

'Thank you, madam,' said Rube. 'He will never regret it.—My time is up; but on leaving you, let me say that you must not suppose I should have been allowed to give this warning to any outfit but that of Squire Eltran. I know Injuns are said to have no gratitude, no friendship; any other team but this will find reason, between this hollow and Strapley's Mills, for thinking differently.—Now mind, Squire Eltran, and more especially you, Squire Trayle, don't turn back for anything you may see or hear, and go nowhere but to Divide City. And if you hear that 'Doby Rube has paid off some of the debts he owed in Great Bucephalus, remember, also, that he has paid the debt he owed for his little Minnie.' With this too easily understood speech, and without further leave-taking, beyond raising his slouch hat to 'Madam' Eltran, who was evidently in his mind the principal personage in the party, the outlaw rode off, followed by his silent but equally evil-looking companion.

There was a natural pause of doubt and uncertainty with the party as they watched the horsemen disappear; then Eltran, drawing a long breath, which was almost a sigh, said: 'Well, now, what are we to do about it? Adobe Rube is one of the very worst characters in the territory; yet I don't think he would wish to do me harm, anyway'—

'I should say, take no notice of what such a renegade cuss says!' exclaimed Phil Trayle, as his friend paused. 'He does not want us all to get to Strapley's, because we should be safe there, and there would then be no plunder for him and his thieving, murdering Injuns; though I believe him to be a worse man than any redskin in the tribes.'

This very decided opinion would probably have determined the unsettled opinion of Eltran. Boytell of course was hardly able to form a judgment on the matter; he only knew that their situation appeared to be one of extreme peril, and he felt an agonising anxiety on behalf of the helpless women and children who were under his care.

But the three women at once broke out into opposition to Phil's utterance. The two strangers had none of Boytell's doubt or self-distrust; they were quite as emphatic as Mrs Eltran, and all three declared they would trust the outcast Rube.

'I know he is a renegade and a horse-thief,' continued Mrs Eltran; 'I believe, too, he has been a homicide and a fire-raiser, like many other scallywags; but he may have the feelings of a father all the same for that. We know if 'Doby Rube loved anything on earth, it was his little Minnie. While she was with us, we had no trouble in Bucephalus with the Indians. That was through Rube, I am sure; and I am sure, too, he will never forget our kindness to the poor child.—I will not go to Strapley's Mills.'



Trayle and Eltran exchanged a queer look and a smile, which showed that they felt all opposition was hopeless after this speech. The mules were started again; and the little procession turned off at the point indicated—a mere depression in the bank, sometimes used as a pass to the more distant ford, but not often, as the ground beyond was bad for a good way, while a more direct route to Divide City was to be found by crossing the Three Water Ford, which had been just ahead of them.

This they were now forbidden to do; and as they turned through the pass, the men glanced anxiously round, to see if any trace of an ambush or of lurking watchers could be discovered. All was silent and blank; the monotonous green of the banks and the prairie—where its boundless stretch was visible beyond—was as lonely and unbroken by any living figure as if the foot of man had never trodden there. Yet it was certain that behind these green mounds the two outcasts were in hiding; almost as certain also—and this reflection caused the shudder which neither of the more experienced men could quite repress—that with them, and, like them, furtively watching, as beasts of prey could watch, were their still more loathed, although, perhaps, not more dangerous allies, the hostile red men.

Familiar as were Eltran and Trayle with the incidents of border warfare, they had no real belief in the truce which the 'worst cuss' of all, the outcast whites, had offered them; and it is no discredit to their manhood to say that their hearts sank as they guided the teams over the treacherous ground, where the indented banks might conceal a hundred barbarians, as the two men verily believed was the case. Their inexperienced companion, Boytell, felt uneasy enough at the turn events were taking, dreading trouble ahead, and the still further unsettling of his plans; but he believed all he had heard from Adobe Rube, and dreamt of no immediate danger on the way.

Slowly the trusty mules drew the wagons over the broken and uncertain ground of the pass. Brief as the passage really was, it seemed almost interminable to the two conductors; but at last the dangerous spot was cleared, and they moved more briskly along the open prairie, where at least they would see any foes who might assail them, and no ambush need be dreaded. Nevertheless, the ground was sufficiently rough to make their progress comparatively slow; and the eyes of the leaders were often turned to the treacherous hollow and broken high ground behind them; but all was silent and quiet there as yet.

They—Eltran and Trayle—were taking what they thought would be a farewell look at the ravine they had recently traversed, and were straining their eyes vainly to detect some signs of life in or about it, when exclamations of alarm from the women and Boytell simultaneously startled them. There was some cause for alarm, too, for just in front of them, ascending from a dip which had not been noticed, and was indeed scarcely to be distinguished from the ordinary level of the prairie, a group of Indians were close upon them. These were nearly all squaws, many of them with children—'papooses'—some mere infants, slung at their backs; some

older, and riding before or behind the mothers. The squaws—more cruel and unsparing, if that be possible, than the men themselves—exchanged looks of triumph as they approached the little party, uttering some guttural ejaculations, and significantly fingering the ugly knives which they all carried, even as did their lords and masters. The savages, either in obedience to some muttered word of command, or as a regular procedure in such cases, spread themselves, and evidently intended to come down on both sides of the wagons.

'Get your revolver out, Boytell,' said Trayle. 'I am afraid we shall have to fight our way. I only hope we can do it, for'—He hesitated here; but his glance at the women and children in the wagon spoke as plainly as any language. 'The chances are against us,' he continued, and his voice grew hoarser as he spoke; 'for on the right hand you see there are warriors; yet bad and devilish as they are, I would rather we should face a hundred of them, than fall alive into the hands of the squaws.—Be ready; here come the men.' But he was wrong; the warriors—the 'braves' of the troop—were indeed spurring to the front; but in lieu of preparing their bows or their revolvers for the fight, they waved their hands in friendly token, uttering the deep guttural 'Hou!' the regular Indian greeting of amity, as they did so, and then the welcome Spanish 'Bueno! Bueno!' followed.

One or two turned aside to say something to the squaws; it was brief, and utterly unintelligible to the listening whites; but the ferocious scowls of the warriors, and the frightened air with which the squaws drew back, left no doubt as to its import. The braves came alongside the wagons, and commenced a general handshaking with the passengers, declaring in their corrupted Spanish—which Trayle fortunately understood pretty well—their friendship for Senor Eltran and for Senora Eltran also; how no good Indians would harm them nor their *amigos*—their friends. With this speech there were mingled also some brief references to Senor Adobe Rube, *mucho brave hombre*—a great fighting man; which showed that the outlaw had indeed used his influence beforehand in their behalf.

This was of course highly satisfactory to the travellers, who nevertheless wished the interview ended; but knew not how, without offence, to close it, when suddenly the noise, not to be mistaken, of distant firing was heard, followed by several more reports in quick succession. Every eye was turned towards the pass recently traversed by the wagons, and to the ford at Three Water Creek. A few wreaths of smoke could just be distinguished rising above the mounds, and the white men shuddered to think what might be passing in that lonely hollow.

Not so with their new friends: at the sound of the firing, the expression of every face changed, squaws and warriors alike; then waving their hands in a hasty adieu, the braves set off at full speed towards the ford, uttering a whoop as they did so, so savage and fiendish as to curdle the blood of the trembling women who heard it. But even the terror inspired by this was not worse than that arising from the cruel grins and grimaces of the squaws, as they rode after their

lords, and pointed exultingly to what they hoped would be a scene of revenge and plunder.

The Indians have indeed bettered the instruction which their treatment by the whites has given them.

#### APPEALS AGAINST HUMAN INJUSTICE.

THE right of might has often enough perverted justice; and those who have misused their power and their office to obtain the condemnation of the innocent have been brand-marked by history. When the weak has been overborne by the strong, in the consciousness of his innocence, he has in certain cases appealed from the unrighteous judgment of the human judge to the righteous Judge of all the earth.

That such appeals should be made was in fact encouraged by the practice in the middle ages of submitting doubtful cases to the judgment of Heaven. Trial by ordeal was nothing else but this. When two men appeared before the judge, and one swore one thing and the other swore the exact opposite, the judge remitted the case to the Judge of all the world, and bade them fight the matter out, in full confidence that victory would be on the side of the innocent. The ordeal of plunging the arm in boiling oil, or of walking over red-hot ploughshares, was also an appeal to God. Cunegunda, the wife of the Emperor Henry II., was charged—so ran the legend—with infidelity, and was forced to prove her innocence by walking barefoot over red-hot ploughshares. The story is not historically substantiated; but it is quite certain that such ordeals were undergone, and they were a direct appeal to the judgment of Heaven.

There were many ways in which the decision of Heaven was arrived at. Richardis, wife of Charles the Fat, had to prove her innocence by walking in a waxed linen dress between two blazing piles of logs. Another form was that of plucking a ring from out of a caldron of boiling water. Another was the cold-water ordeal. Another form was to offer blessed bread to the accused, who said: 'If I be guilty, may this bit of bread choke me.'

Unhappily, with the abolition of the ordeal, in place of it in all European lands, save England, came the use of torture for the extraction of a confession. The fact of appeal to Heaven to give right judgment being acknowledged in Europe, naturally gave occasion to those who had been wrongly sentenced to appeal away from their unjust judges to the highest Court of all, that in heaven.

In 624 sat the Council of Macon, before which, Eustace, Abbot of Luxeuil, was summoned by one Agrestin, a former monk of Luxeuil, who charged him with observing certain peculiarities which had come from Ireland with the founder, St Columbanus, and were indeed common to the Celtic churches, but which Agrestin considered as schismatical, because contrary to Roman usage. The gentle Eustace explained that he followed the customs of the founder, and justified the

usage of Luxeuil; but as Agrestin always returned to the charge, and the bishops in conclave seemed dubious how to decide, he exclaimed: 'In the presence of these bishops, I, the disciple and successor of him whose institute you despise, cite you to appear, within a year, along with Columbanus, at the Divine tribunal, to plead the case against him there.' The solemnity of this appeal awed the prelates who leaned to the Roman usage, and they urged Agrestin to be reconciled to his former abbot; and the latter, who was gentleness itself, offered him the kiss of peace. But Agrestin refused it. Before the end of the year he was slain by the blow of an axe by a serf in an ignoble brawl.

Robert Grosstête, Bishop of Lincoln, had many a struggle with Pope Innocent IV. against papal encroachments on the rights of his see. According to Knyghton, the old chronicler, a year after his death he appeared to the Pope and called to him: 'Stand up, wretched one, and come to judgment!' As the Pope hesitated, he raised his pastoral crosier and struck Innocent on the breast so that he died on the following day, December 7, 1254.

At the opening of the thirteenth century, Absalom was Archbishop of Lund, in Sweden. There was a tract of land held by the church of Lund in conjunction with a wealthy bonder, and as much controversy and quarrel arose from the double rights, the Archbishop asked the bonder to divide the land equally between him and the see. The bonder, weary of the strife, consented. The Archbishop and he proceeded one summer day to measure out and parcel the land in dispute. As Absalom would trust none but himself, he held one end of the rope, and bade the bonder hold the other. Whilst thus engaged, he shouted to the other to pull harder and stir his stumps, as they had a long day's work before them. The bonder, nettled, tugged at the rope and jerked the Archbishop off his feet, so that he fell backwards on some stones and cut his head. Absalom, in a great rage, declared that the bonder had rendered himself liable to excommunication, and that he would be placed under papal ban unless he put his case unreservedly into his hands. The farmer, finding himself powerless to resist, did so, when Absalom condemned him to surrender to the church his portion of the coveted estate. The bonder was thus reduced from the position of a wealthy man to one of small means. The vexation preyed on his mind, and he fell ill. Finding himself dying, he sent for a priest, and promised him his best horse and saddle and bridle if he would ride, the moment the breath was out of his body, to Lund and summon Archbishop Absalom before the throne of God to answer for the injustice done him. The priest did as required. On the 21st of March 1201, he appeared before the Archbishop and pronounced his summons. At once Absalom turned deadly pale, fell out of his seat, and was taken up dead.

Ferdinand IV., king of Castile, is said to have been summoned within thirty days to answer before the heavenly Judge for a wrong he had done; and he died on the thirtieth day.

The Bishop of Sénez was preaching before Louis XV., and took for his text, 'Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown.' He gave such a pointed account of the vices of the godless city

and its king, that the whole court thrilled with uneasiness, believing he was warning the king, and when he concluded with a significant gesture and hand outstretched towards Louis XV., 'Yet forty days—and then overthrow,' it was taken as a denunciation of and warning to the king. Within the time specified Louis XV. was no more, May 10, 1774.

No more infamous a perversion of justice probably ever occurred than the condemnation of the Templars, whose wealth and power made them feared by the king of France; and the Pope, Clement V., surrendered the unhappy Order to the French king. Du Molay, grandmaster, was burnt alive. As he mounted the funeral pyre, in a clear calm voice, he declared: 'Before heaven and earth, on the verge of death, where the least falsehood bears like lead upon the soul, I protest that our sole guilt has been that we trusted the seductive words of the Pope and the king.' Then he cried: 'Clement, iniquitous and cruel judge'—some accounts say he included Philip the Fair, the king—'I summon thee to meet me before the throne of God.' A year passed, and Clement and Philip were dead (1314).

An earlier story relates to the Council of Chalcedon (451), which condemned Dioscorus, sometime Bishop of Alexandria, for his Eutychianism. The monks had taken up eagerly the side of heresy, under one Barsumas. As they could not obtain recognition of the heresy by the Council, they fiercely shook their garments in contempt of the assembled fathers, and Barsumas loudly summoned Pulcheria, the Empress, whose influence had led to the assembly of the Council, to answer for it before the supreme Judge. She died a few days after, and Barsumas at once took rank as a prophet among his followers.

Jerome of Prague was sentenced by the Council of Constance to be burnt for his heresies. He appealed in loud tones 'To the sovereign Judge before whom you must all appear and answer for this judgment before a hundred years are passed.'

A great judicial crime was the condemnation and burning of Urban Grandier. The story of the possessed girls of Loudun, in France, in 1625 is well known. The nuns were poor; they hired a house and received boarders. Some of these boarders were of a frolicsome disposition, and frightened the nuns with strange noises and freaks that made them suppose the house was haunted. At this time there was at Loudun an eloquent young priest named Urban Grandier, who was an object of jealousy to the canons of St Croix, and they utilised the hauntings to effect his destruction. The nuns and girls became a prey to hysteria, and in convulsions declared they were possessed by devils sent to them by Grandier. On this accusation the unfortunate priest was condemned, and burnt alive. Before his death he solemnly cited his persecutor, the instigator of the whole infamous plot, to meet him before the throne of the Judge of all in the course of a month from that day; and exactly a month afterwards the man died.

Terence O'Brien was Bishop of Emly. When Limerick was besieged, Ireton, Cromwell's commander in Ireland (1651), sent him word that he would give him forty thousand pounds sterling, and permission to retire in safety, if he

would exhort the people to surrender. This the Bishop refused, and Ireton excepted the Bishop from amnesty; he proposed to the besieged to bring him the head of the prelate together with those of twenty men who had voted against surrender. If they would do this, he would spare the town. This was refused by the citizens. At length the city surrendered, and the Bishop fell into the hands of Ireton. The stern Puritan at once ordered the prelate to death. Bishop O'Brien turned to the General and said: 'I summon Ireton, the arch-persecutor, to appear in eight days to stand before the heavenly tribunal, to answer for his deeds of cruelty.' On the eighth day, Ireton, stricken with the plague, was a corpse.

In Gothland, a certain John Turson, who was innocent, was sentenced to death by a magistrate, offhand, seated on his horse. Turson protested his innocence, and summoned the judge to attend with him before the highest Judge. As Turson's head was struck off, the judge fell from his horse and broke his neck.

Meinwerk, Bishop of Paderborn, was abused by a certain monk with great violence and with many charges. The Bishop answered him: 'Well, let us appear together before the Judge of both, and let Him decide between us.' Singularly enough, the monk died on the same day (June 5, 1039) as did the Bishop.

One of the most horrible of the many crimes committed on both sides in the revolt of the Netherlands against Spanish rule was the execution of Nanning Koppezoorn, by the Dutch governor of Holland. 'He bore,' says Mr Motley, 'with perfect fortitude a series of incredible tortures; after which, with his body singed from head to heel, and his feet almost entirely flayed, he was left for six weeks to crawl about his dungeon on his knees. He was then brought back to the torture-room and again stretched on the rack, while a large vessel was placed inverted upon his naked body. A number of rats were introduced under this cover, and hot coals were heaped upon this vessel, till the rats, rendered furious by the heat, gnawed into the very bowels of the victim, in their agony to escape.' When finally led to execution, the Calvinist minister, 'Julian Epeszoorn, endeavoured by loud praying to drown his voice, that the people might not rise with indignation; and the dying prisoner with his last breath solemnly summoned this unworthy pastor to meet him within three days before the judgment-seat of God. It is a remarkable and authentic fact,' continues Mr Motley, 'that the clergyman thus summoned went home pensively from the place of execution, sickened immediately, and died upon the appointed day' (1575).

George I. had been divorced from his wife, Sophia Dorothea of Zelle, in 1694, and she remained in confinement for thirty-two years in the castle of Ahlen. She died on November 13, 1726. Before her death, she wrote a letter to George, denying the charges that had been made against her, and solemnly citing him to appear before God's throne and there answer for his conduct towards her. In June 1727 the English king arrived in Germany on his way to Hanover, as usual, when this letter was thrown in at the coach window, and fell on his lap. He tore it open, and was so alarmed—it is said—that he fell into a con-

vulsion and died. He certainly was attacked with apoplexy on the road, and was carried a corpse from his coach (June 11, 1727).

We will conclude with a story that seems to be thoroughly authenticated. In the church of Barlt, in Dithmarschen, were two pastors. The one, Wattenbach, was head-preacher, and a man of very broad views. Along with him, in 1691, was a deacon named Hoesch, a severely orthodox Lutheran. It seemed to the latter that the teaching of his superior sapped the foundations of Christianity, and he preached vehemently against his latitudinarian opinions. The parishioners sympathised with the head-preacher; and as Hoesch could not stir them up into zeal for orthodoxy, he laid a formal complaint against Wattenbach before the provost Hahn of Meldorf, who at once took the matter up; and a charge of heretical teaching was brought against Wattenbach in 1695 before the consistory at Rendsburg. The synod admonished both parties to peace. In 1699, Wattenbach was again summoned before the consistory, and was questioned as to his belief. He then admitted that he had indeed entertained rationalistic views, but declared that he had entirely abandoned them. The synod thereupon again dismissed the charge, and again exhorted to fraternal charity. In vain. Hoesch and the provost Hahn, finding that the ecclesiastical authorities would not condemn and deprive Wattenbach, appealed to the king of Denmark and Duke of Holstein-Glückstadt; and a government Commission deposed Wattenbach. This was made a grievance of by the ecclesiastical authorities, who, on the appeal of the accused, took the matter up, with the royal consent. Wattenbach was again acquitted, and Hoesch himself narrowly escaped suspension. A royal decree, dated October 26, 1700, confirmed the decision of the consistory. But this did not produce peace. The affair assumed another aspect, and Wattenbach was again accused before a royal court, not now of heresy, but of something connected with the quarrel, the particulars of which are not recorded. Judgment was given on April 1, 1703, and sentence of expulsion from his cure was pronounced against Wattenbach at Glückstadt. When the pastor heard this, he asked if there were any appeal possible. He was told that there was none. Then he solemnly said: 'I, John Caspar Wattenbach, refer my cause to Heaven. I cite the provost Hahn to appear this day twelve weeks, the Chancellor who has given judgment to appear this day fourteen weeks, and my prosecutor, the fiscal officer, at the same time, and all my witnesses who can testify to my innocence to attend within a year and a day before the Divine tribunal.' A death-like stillness fell on the court. It was broken at last by the Chancellor, who rebuked the accused, and condemned what he had done as a profane act, as he regarded it. Wattenbach replied that the sentence of the court destroyed his reputation, cast him and his family into utter poverty, and deprived him and his of their home. Having no other redress, he was forced to make this appeal. He then thanked the judge for his well-meant rebuke, and withdrew. He returned to Barlt to clear his family and goods out of the parsonage, and died there sixteen days after the sentence, on Good-Friday, April 16, 1703.

On the 24th of June, the twelve weeks allotted to Provost Hahn had elapsed. It was Sunday, and, moreover, St John the Baptist's Day. The provost preached in the morning in the parish church of Meldorf on a passage from the gospel for the day, Luke i. 57-80. He felt perfectly well and in good spirits; and in the afternoon jokingly sent a message to the Chancellor to remind him that his time was up, but that no token appeared of anything being the matter with him. Before the messenger returned, he had fallen in an apoplectic fit and had breathed his last. Exactly on the day appointed, at the end of the fourteenth week, the judge also died, so also the prosecutor, on the same day; and within the twelvemonth every one of the witnesses summoned by Wattenbach to attest his innocence was dead.

This account was given by the provost Burckhard, who sat in the consistory before which Wattenbach had appeared, and he says that all who were mixed up in the matter could attest the truth of what he relates. The registers of the parish of Barlt certainly confirm some of the particulars. The son of Wattenbach became afterwards pastor at Colmar. That nervous terror may have in many cases worked the death of the men summoned is likely enough. Some of the stories recorded may have been invented *après coup*, but certainly not all.

#### A GENUINE TENIERS.

By JOHN LEYS.

'For a genuine undoubted Teniers, I call it cheap, sir—very cheap indeed.' As Mr Jacob Goldstein, picture-dealer, picture-cleaner, and money-lender, made this little speech he dug his thumbs yet deeper into his waistcoat pockets, raised himself slightly on his heels, and glanced sideways at his customer. That gentleman, a tall lanky person, of perhaps fifty years of age, evidently an American, was bending himself at right angles before a dark-coloured canvas upon which he could at first discover no likeness to anything whatever. Patient investigation, however, disclosed the fact that there was a picture, though it was very indistinct—a picture of two youths, presumably students, drinking in an ale-house. A stout female figure—no doubt representing the landlady—stood at the other side of the table, a broad smile resting on her face; and her right hand still grasped the neck of a large wine-bottle which she had just placed on the table. What little light there was in the picture came from a casement to the left of the spectator.

'How much do you say?' asked the American, suddenly straightening his back and standing bolt upright.

'Six hundred and fifty, sir.'

'Three thousand two hundred and fifty dollars for that bit o' blackness! Thunder!'

'But for a genuine old master I assure you it is marvellously, amazingly cheap.'

'How old, now, do you suppose that picture may be?'

'Well, as you know, sir, there were two Tenierses, father and son. I should say, judging from the subject, that this is the work of the



younger man. That would bring us to the middle of the seventeenth century—say two hundred and fifty years back.

'Hum! Not so very old, after all,' said Mr Hiram J. Bounder, the intending purchaser.

'There are older pictures in the world, no doubt,' returned the dealer, with a smile of superior knowledge; 'but where are they? Locked away in museums, or treasured up in private collections. How often does one of them come into the market? Not once in ten years. Copies may be had, of course. I don't deal in them myself. But for an undoubted Teniers this is surprisingly cheap.'

'I'll take it,' said the American. 'Send it to the *United Empire Hotel*.'

Mr Bounder expected that his artistic friends would go into raptures over his purchase. To his surprise and mortification, they were silent, uncritical, and unenthusiastic on the subject. At length a horrible doubt stole into his mind.

'Do you mean to say the thing ain't real?' cried Mr Bounder, speaking to a young painter who was looking at the canvas with slightly veiled contempt.

'If you mean, Is it a real picture?' returned his friend, 'it certainly is. If you mean, Did Teniers paint it? I reply, No more than I did.'

'But you can't be sure?'

'Yes, I can. If I'm not very much mistaken, I've seen the original of that very picture in a museum or town-hall somewhere in Belgium. Can't be sure where it was; but I'll look it up, if you like.'

'I wish you would. Then I'd make the beggar take it back.'

'I fear you won't,' said the artist with a smile.

'What!' cried the American, in a transport of rage. 'If I go into a shop and ask for a gold watch, and pay for it—pay for it, mind!—and the man, being a cheat and a scoundrel, palms off a gilt one on me, can't I make him take it back? Won't the law make him give me back my money?'

'I daresay. But with pictures it is different.'

'Why?'

'Because it is next to impossible to prove that the picture is only a copy.'

'It's nothing else than getting money by a false pretence!' cried the American.

'True; but you can't punish the dealer, because you can't prove that he knew it was a copy. You can try; but you'll only lose your money.'

Mr Bounder did pay another visit to Mr Goldstein's establishment; but the step produced no satisfactory result. The dealer was by turns indignant, sarcastic, and conciliatory.

Not genuine! 'The Topers' not a genuine Teniers! Who were the young gentlemen who had hazarded such an opinion? Mr Goldstein wanted very much to know. What did they know about pictures? They envied Mr Bounder the possession of a treasure for which they would give their eyes—if they had eyes, and were not as blind as so many moles. Another picture of the same name in Belgium? It wasn't at all likely that Mr Teniers would paint two pictures with the same name. If he did, they would be quite distinct in treatment. But the Belgian one was like this? Then it was a copy of Mr Bounder's picture. There could be no doubt about that.—

And in the long run Mr Hiram J. Bounder was thoroughly convinced that, whether the picture was genuine or not, the dealer would fight the matter out rather than refund a farthing of the price.

Some months had passed, and the incident just narrated had well-nigh faded from Mr Goldstein's mind, when one afternoon a dark man of foreign appearance, wearing an expensive fur-lined overcoat and an enormous moustache, walked into his picture-gallery.

'Do you clean pictures?' asked the stranger, with an air of hauteur which impressed the dealer most favourably.

'Certainly, sir,' said Goldstein, doubting whether he ought not to have said 'My lord.'

'Then I'll send you one along which I have just bought—a Rubens of considerable value. You will insure it and take the greatest care of it?'

'Of course, my lord.'

The title slipped out almost involuntarily.

'You may expect it in about an hour,' said the stranger, walking out of the shop.

'I beg your pardon,' said Goldstein, hastening after his customer; 'but what name shall I put down as the owner?'

The gentleman smiled slightly, as if in surprise that he had not been recognised, and pulling out his card-case, handed the picture-dealer a card.

'Count Olanoff,' said Goldstein to himself. 'I know him, by name at least. No chance of making anything out of him.' The Count's name was indeed well known as a picture-buyer of taste and experience.

In a short time the picture arrived, and very handsome it looked in its deep, rich, oval frame. 'The Music Lesson' was the title of the painting. The background was dark, almost black, but the foreground was comparatively in the light. Two young women of the burgher class were seated near a spinet, and were listening with an air of demure attention to their music-master, a stout, good-natured-looking man in a bob wig, who, resting his violin lightly on the table, was expounding some point connected with his art. The faces of the group were of the types familiar to those who are acquainted with the Flemish school of painting, but the accessories had been most carefully finished.

Not long after the picture had been deposited at Goldstein's gallery, its owner came into the shop, walking very rapidly, and inquired of the picture-dealer whether 'The Music Lesson' had been touched yet in any way. Fortunately, nothing had been done to it; and Count Olanoff, going out to the hansom which had brought him to the spot, conducted from the cab a gentleman whom Goldstein knew at once to be an American, and conducted him to the corner where 'The Music Lesson' was standing.

'There now!' exclaimed the Count, gazing at the picture with the eye of a connoisseur. 'Isn't that grand?'

From the scraps of conversation which the picture-dealer overheard as he stepped to and fro, he easily made out that the Count was trying to sell the picture to the American, and that the latter gentleman, while greatly admiring the specimen of mediæval art before him, hesitated about paying the required price. And it was evident to Mr Goldstein that the Count was

a very poor hand at driving a bargain. The dealer's instincts prompted him strongly to interfere, and only his respect for the Count's rank prevented his offering a suggestion or two. He looked upon Americans as fair game, and became quite uneasy at seeing that this one was not going to be fleeced to any extent worth mentioning.

Eventually it was agreed that the intending purchaser should have a day or two in which he might consider the matter; and the two gentlemen walked out of the shop.

The Count returned a moment afterwards to express a wish that the picture should not be touched by cloth or sponge for the present, and added: 'By the way, I am going out of town for a few days. Could you see the gentleman who was here just now, Mr Spikeman, and arrange the terms of sale?'

'Delighted, my lord. And your lordship will excuse me for saying that I believe I shall be able to secure better terms than your lordship could possibly have done.'

'Ah, daresay, I would sell for two thousand; but I think I ought to get more.'

'Beg pardon, my lord, but did your lordship name a lowest price?'

'I don't think I named a lower sum than three thousand; but I doubt if the man will give much more than two. Commission as usual, you know.'

The picture-dealer bowed, and the owner of 'The Music Lesson' left the shop.

Two days afterwards, the American came to have another look at the picture; and Mr Goldstein at once explained that he had been constituted the Count's agent for its sale, adding that it was sure to fetch a high price. Mr Spikeman, a small, lean, round-shouldered man, who walked with a stoop, seemed surprised to hear that he was to have possible competitors, and stood contemplating the masterpiece, stroking, meanwhile, his jaw with the fingers of his right hand, as if he were feeling for a tooth that had somehow slipped out of its place.

'Guess I can afford to give you two thousand pounds for the picture,' said Mr Spikeman, after listening to a long dissertation on the merits of the painting.

'My—dear—sir!' ejaculated the dealer with a half-contemptuous smile, 'you might just as well offer me two thousand pence. I could get a dozen offers of two thousand eight hundred in half an hour; but the Count wants three thousand five hundred.'

'He told me I might have it for three thousand,' said Mr Spikeman in slow, deliberate tones, still caressing his jaw as he spoke.

'Well, sir, his lordship must have mentioned the sum in an unguarded moment, without thinking of what he was saying. But as his lordship *did* say so, of course I am bound by his offer. For three thousand pounds, sir, that noble picture is yours.'

Mr Spikeman, however, did not jump at this generous proposal. He wanted more time to think it over; and to this the dealer cheerfully consented.

The next time the American visited the shop Mr Goldstein brought his little devices into play; gentlemen who had apparently visited the

gallery on some other business stopped opposite 'The Music Lesson,' as if arrested by its beauty, and remained in rapt contemplation before it for a minute or two, and then went off, casting lingering looks behind, and observing to Mr Goldstein that pictures of that rank were far beyond the reach of *their* purses.

Sometimes, when Mr Spikeman came to see the painting, he would find a small group of men surrounding it, engaged in eagerly discussing its various beauties; and occasionally one of these admirers would be conducted by Mr Goldstein to a mysterious apartment partitioned off from the gallery at one end of it, presumably for the purpose of talking over a purchase. Stimulated, apparently, by what he saw and heard around him, Mr Spikeman offered two thousand two hundred, then three hundred—four, five, six, and finally eight hundred pounds over the two thousand. But Goldstein was convinced that the American would give three thousand pounds for the painting rather than lose the chance of securing a real Rubens; so he stood out for the higher sum.

In the meantime, however, a question had occurred to the picture-dealer, which had more than once occurred to him under similar circumstances. Since the Count was willing to sell 'The Music Lesson' for two thousand pounds, and Mr Spikeman was willing to give two thousand eight hundred, or possibly three thousand, why should not the difference between those limits belong to him, Jacob Goldstein, in its entirety? The thing could be done, and done with safety, if there was a tolerable certainty that buyer and seller would not meet after the transaction was completed. The picture-dealer put a question or two to Spikeman as to the extent of his acquaintance with Olanoff; and the American told him that he had merely met the Count in somebody's studio, and did not even know his address.

It seemed perfectly plain sailing; and when Count Olanoff called at the picture-gallery on his return to town, Goldstein had already made up his mind on the matter.

'I must set off for Italy to-night,' said the Count, 'and I wish that sale completed at once. Have you struck a bargain yet?'

'Not yet, my lord. But Mr Spikeman promised to come and give me his answer this very afternoon,' answered Goldstein, fervently hoping that he would not arrive before the owner of 'The Music Lesson' was well out of the way.

'How much do you expect he will give? Three thousand?'

'Ah, no, my lord,' said the dealer, shaking his head sadly. 'If he gives two thousand two hundred that will be all.'

'Humph! Well, you won't part with my property without the money, of course. But I must call this afternoon and take away the picture if the sale is not effected to-day, you understand?'

'I quite understand, my lord.'

'I will call about four o'clock, then; and I don't much care whether the picture is sold or not. If it isn't, I must have it packed. I suppose it can be packed here?'

The picture-dealer bowed, inwardly resolving that there should be no need of any such packing; and the Count left the gallery.

It was a quarter to four before Mr Spikeman made his appearance; and Goldstein was on thorns lest the American and Olanoff should meet. In a few words he explained that if Mr Spikeman did not make up his mind now, he would for ever lose the chance of possessing a true and genuine Rubens.

'I'll give you two thousand nine hundred,' said the Yankee.

'I tried to get his lordship to say that very figure, and he wouldn't,' said Goldstein with a sigh. 'He won't part with it under three thousand. He told me if I couldn't get that price, to pack it, and the box is being got ready now.'

'Oh, well, I suppose I must give the three thousand,' drawled the American. 'I'll send along the cheque to-night.'

'But you see his lordship is leaving the country to-night. If you could favour me with a cheque now?'

'But I don't carry my cheque-book about with me, as you Londoners do. I have my purse here; but you can hardly expect that I should have three thousand pounds in it.'

'That need be no obstacle, sir,' said Goldstein, who was anxious to fix the bargain by a written document. 'Suppose you write me a cheque on half a sheet of note-paper, just to show to his lordship; and I can exchange it for a regular printed one in the morning, if you prefer it.'

This seemed reasonable enough; and in a minute or two the cheque, stamped with a postage-stamp, was made out, signed, and handed over. It was arranged that Mr Spikeman would send a regular cheque to be exchanged for it, and also send for the picture, on the following morning.

The American had only been gone about a quarter of an hour when the Count arrived.

'Well, have you sold the Rubens?' he asked hastily.

'Just sold it, my lord, for two thousand two hundred pounds,' said Goldstein.

'Ah! not a large price; but I suppose I mustn't grumble. Your commission will be a hundred and ten, I suppose? That leaves two thousand and ninety for me to get. I suppose the American gave you a cheque? I can take it, and pay you the commission separately.'

Of course Goldstein did not intend that the Count should see Spikeman's cheque showing that he had paid three thousand pounds for the picture, so he answered quickly: 'Very sorry, my lord, but I've just paid it in to my bankers. It would be too late to get it cashed now at any rate, as it is past bank hours.'

'But I must have either the money or the picture.'

'Well, my lord, I will give you a cheque for the two thousand two hundred, less a hundred and ten commission,' said Goldstein; and turning aside, he wrote out the document.

Count Olanoff took it with some little hesitation; and the picture-dealer, noticing this, drew himself up. 'I should tell you, my lord,' he said, 'that I do a little banking on my own account. My signature would be honoured for a much larger sum than that.'

The Count nodded, muttered something about its being all right, placed the cheque in his pocket-book, and went away.

Next day, the picture-dealer waited until noon, but no messenger came from Mr Spikeman. A little uneasy at the delay, Mr Goldstein went himself to the Metropolitan Bank, on which the American's cheque was drawn, and presented it for payment.

The cashier took it, turned it this way and that, scrutinised it, smelt at it, and handed it to a brother-cashier. This official studied it in his turn, and finally handed it to a third, who carried it into the manager's room.

Mr Goldstein's heart sank within him, and his knees became as water, as he watched these ominous proceedings. Finally, the half-sheet of note-paper was tossed back to him across the counter with the words 'No account' scrawled over its surface.

The picture-dealer tottered to a seat. Then, reviving, he went out, summoned a hansom, and drove to his own bank. Yes; *his* cheque had been presented and cashed the first thing that morning by a man who must have been Count Olanoff's twin-brother, if not himself!

'Well, at any rate I've got the Rubens, and I must sell it for the best price I can,' said Goldstein to himself as he went slowly back to his picture-gallery.

Having arrived there, he went up to 'The Music Lesson,' which was now practically his own property, and inspected it more narrowly than he had hitherto done. More than once, as he had passed in front of the painting, something about it had struck him in a vague way as being familiar to him. Now this feeling was stronger than ever. He was convinced that he had seen it before; but where? With a cry he darted forward and peered eagerly at the canvas; then he took out his penknife and began to scrape the paint away very gently and carefully. He soon found that there was a layer of fresh paint upon an older surface; and the new pigment being scraped away, Mr Goldstein brought to light—his 'genuine Teniers,' 'The Topers!' The students had been turned into young damsels, and the landlady into a fat music-master, by altering the features a little and adding appropriate garments; but the pose of the figures remained, of course, what it had been. The fireplace in the original picture had been turned into a spinet; and when the music-master's violin had been carefully obliterated, the old familiar black bottle of 'The Topers' once more greeted his vision.

It was plain that the whole thing—the visit of the Count, the introduction of Spikeman, his pretended reluctance to buy the picture, and the stratagem by which a valuable cheque had been obtained from him in exchange for a worthless one—had been carefully pre-arranged. There could not be much doubt as to the origin of the trick; but all uncertainty on the point disappeared when it was discovered that the words, 'With compliments—Hiram J. Bounder,' were written on the margin of the canvas.

The sight of this inscription made the Jew wild with rage; but he understood only too well that redress and revenge were alike unattainable. Spikeman was of course far beyond his reach; and in any case he could not hope to fight the matter out in a court of law without exposing his own misdeeds, and thus, as it were, cutting his own throat.

Certainly the picture-dealer never expected to set eyes again on any one concerned in this transaction; his surprise, therefore, was great when one day about three weeks after the departure of Mr Spikeman, Mr Bounder, followed by Count Olanoff and a stout pink-faced gentleman, walked into his picture-gallery.

'How are you?' said the American, going up to the astonished Jew and shaking him effusively by the hand. 'Got any more gen-u-ine Teni-erses on hand neow, eh?'

Mr Goldstein wrenched away his hand and scowled at the party from under his heavy eyebrows. 'No; but I know that I have been cheated most disgracefully by some of you "gentlemen"—and if there is law in England, I'll have my rights!' he added angrily.

The Count and the stranger stared at him coolly, while the American regarded him with a benevolent smile.

'You had a cheque from me for two thousand one hundred pounds!' he cried fiercely, turning on Count Olanoff.

'I had,' said the Italian quietly.

'And the purchaser of your picture was a cheat, a lie, a forger!' screamed the Jew. 'He gave me a cheque, but it was dishonoured. I have never had one penny of my money; and your picture turned out to be worthless!'

'You don't say so!' murmured Mr Bounder in a sympathetic tone.

'Yes; and I want my money back,' he said, striding up to the Count.

'Did I sell the picture to you?' asked the Italian with perfect composure; 'or in any way guarantee its genuineness? Did you not yourself offer to give me your cheque before the purchaser had paid you?'

Goldstein could not deny that it was so.

'Why don't you get the money from the other man?' put in the American.

'Because he was a thief! a rogue! a scoundrel!' cried Goldstein excitedly. 'He have no money, no account at the bank!'

'Say, now, what might the person's name be?' inquired Mr Bounder.

'I suppose you don't know,' sneered the Jew.

'Ef it might be Spikeman, he's a man I might bring to book,' said Mr Bounder in a reflective tone of voice. 'How much was the cheque for?' he added suddenly.

'Two thousand two hundred pounds,' answered Goldstein promptly.

'Really?' cried the Yankee with assumed indignation. 'Give me the cheque, and I'll make him pay you, sir!'

'Oh, I didn't keep it; I burnt it,' said the picture-dealer.

'That's a pity, now; for I did hear—through the banker, let us say—of a cheque of Spikeman's that had been dishonoured; but it was for three thousand odds. Couldn't have been the same, of course.'

Goldstein eyed the American curiously, but said nothing.

'What have you done with the picture?' asked the Count sharply.

'The picture! It was a fraud, a cheat, a swindle!—There is the picture!' and quite forgetting in his rage that Mr Bounder had been the former owner of the painting, he dragged

aside a canvas or two which stood in front of it, and displayed 'The Topers' in all its deformity.

'Why, that's my Teniers!' exclaimed the American, putting his hands on his knees and bending down to examine it. 'Great Scott! how sing'lar!'

'I expect you know all about it!' growled the Jew.

'I know it's a genuine Teniers; you told me so yourself,' said Mr Bounder.

'Well, it ain't; that's all,' growled the picture-dealer.

'Oh, it ain't, eh? So you took me in, a simple-minded man like me! Wonder you ain't ashamed of yourself!—But I'll tell you what I'll do, mister,' added the American, after a pause—

'I'll ask Count Olanoff to pay you back that two thousand one hundred he had of you!—'

'Oh, sir!'

'On two conditions. First, you hand over that cheque for three thousand pounds—the one you burned, you know, or acknowledge that it was for that amount. Next, you write me a letter acknowledging that the picture you sold me was not genuine, and you apologise, and hand back what I paid you for it.'

'If I do that?—'

'You shall get back the rest of what you have lost.'

The offer was too tempting to be refused. The required letter was written and signed; Spikeman's cheque for three thousand pounds was found and handed over; and the Jew was repaid the two thousand one hundred pounds, out of which he handed six hundred and fifty, the original price of 'The Topers,' to the American.

'You'll acknowledge that I've got the money back and won my bet, my lord?' said that astute person to the pinky-faced gentleman.

'Fairly won, by George!' said the stranger.

'It wasn't so much the dollars,' said Mr Bounder, as he buttoned his pocket over the bank-notes he had just received—'es the principle of the thing. It couldn't be allowed that a native-born American could be finally taken in and sat upon by a Jew. On no account.—Good-day, mister. Ef you are ever tempted to cheat a Yankee, pause, and remember the "Genuine Teniers."'

#### FRIENDS.

LET us be friends: we may not now be more;

Your silent glances make but poor amends  
For all my pain. Speak as you did before—  
Let us be friends.

Love to my heart its fire no longer lends;

'Tis chilled and hardened to its very core:  
No quickening beat your presence now attends.

Yet would I not forget the joys of yore;

And now that Fate has worked its cruel ends,  
Shake hands and smile; for my sake, I implore,  
Let us be friends.

SAM WOOD.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.